

# **Leaving it All Behind**

## **A Faceless Tale**

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## **Growing Old**

Childish laughter fills the air  
The sun shines upon the eastern plains  
For a moment  
All is wondrous and magical  
To the eyes of a child  
So quickly tainted by this world  
That forces us to grow up  
Just a little bit faster  
Than nature intended

Is imagination such a bad thing?  
Should we stop dreaming  
Just because we've grown up?  
Should we simply accept the loss  
Of our fondest childhood whimsies?  
Should we replace them  
With the dull, grey, fantasy-less thoughts  
Adults are supposed to think?

Is it selfish to desire  
Eternal inner childhood?  
Can't there remain a part of us  
Untouched by time and cynicism?  
Is life worth living  
When childlike wonderment is completely lost  
And the burdens of adulthood  
Discourage absurd musings?

Let the children play!  
Never tell them to grow up  
They'll do that soon enough  
They've nary the time  
To enjoy their childhood  
Without miserable adults stepping in  
Trying to speed up the process  
Simply because they can't stand  
Anything that's different than them  
They see in the child's eyes  
The things they lost so long ago  
That can never be their's again

Dance, age-less human soul!  
So long as you laugh  
We have some hope  
Of never truly growing old

## The Human Soul

The mirror reflects an image  
Unlike the one in my mind's eye  
Is that my face? It can't be...  
That is not who I am  
Who is this imposter  
Running the show  
That's hidden me behind  
A wooden mask and curtain?

I try to speak but I cannot make a sound  
I try to scream but it comes out as a whimper  
I attempt to breathe but there is no air  
Within the dark I'm suffocating  
As the imposter overtakes  
Every aspect of my being  
Thus eliminating the real  
For the sake of becoming  
Exactly like they want me to be

I'm thinking somebody else's thoughts  
I'm fighting for a cause I don't believe in  
I've forsaken purpose and fulfillment  
For easy living amongst those  
Who cannot love me as I am

“Break me! Erase what’s left!  
Until I have become as nothing  
Then mold me into your ideal  
Make me into a model citizen!  
Replace my heart with a machine  
Re-wire the circuitry of my mind  
Until I am completely hollow  
A robot made only to do your bidding.”

Can I regain that which  
I never should have sacrificed?  
Priceless and irreplaceable...  
The human soul  
Is not a commodity to be bought and sold

## A Thousand Voices

I am one thousand different people  
Within a single soul  
I have a mask for every possible situation  
I excel at telling them what they want to hear

One thousand voices  
Scream one thousand different things  
I cannot hear one of them over the other  
It's one incomprehensible noise  
I've grown so accustomed to  
That I simply tune it out  
And respond to each individual  
With a smile and a nod  
And maybe a few words  
To pacify them

Are there any amongst them  
That I should listen to?  
Do any of them possess the answers  
To our existential quandaries?

I'm not sure what to think  
Assuming I ever was  
Were you to say the sky is purple  
It would not take much to convince me  
Confusion reigns in my mortal mind  
Humanity is so easily warped  
It's no wonder we struggle  
Just to keep from drowning ourselves

I'm tired of playing these stupid mind games  
I won't abide by other's rules  
Were they honest they would admit  
They don't know anything more than I do  
We're all ignorant, we should be seeking truth  
Instead of running around in circles  
While a select few take advantage  
Of our metaphysical predicament  
For the sake of lining their pockets with gold  
At the expense of fearful, earnest seekers

I don't know who I am or what to believe  
At least I'm willing to admit that

## The Key

Welcome, shadows!  
So deceptive and clever  
You are not what you say you are  
    But like a fool  
I buy what you have to sell  
    Though it costs more  
    Than I would like to pay  
I smile, feigning satisfaction  
    Though I'm still empty  
    And my pocket's a little lighter  
And another part of me's gone missing  
    Sadly, I no longer care

Welcome, friends!  
At least that's what you claim to be  
    But if I showed you  
    Who I really am  
    Would you still remain?  
There is something ugly inside  
    But there's also untold beauty  
    All in all I am no different  
    Than any other human being  
    Still realness is a little too intense  
In this world of pretenders and hypocrites

Welcome, illusion!  
You bring comfort  
In the form of a cage  
I claw at the bars  
For hours at a time  
Before I resign myself to my fate  
And drift away  
Upon the cold steel floor  
All the while forgetting  
I hold the key to the door

My spirit is gone  
I sold it for a piece of bread  
It was stale; I could've gotten it for free  
Had I been a little more discerning

What has this world come to?  
A priceless human being  
Can be bought and sold on the market  
For a couple pennies and a dime  
Oftentimes less  
If you know how to bargain  
And if there's no sign of desperation  
If there is no fear in your eyes  
You may get for free  
What costs others their lives

Slave to our own devices  
Begging to be set free  
All the while ignoring  
That in our pockets  
Rests the key...

## Leaving the Fold

At exactly forty minutes after nine  
They begin their march  
    Into the auditorium  
    Lined up single file  
    They take their seats  
    In the pews before the altar  
    And engage in idle chitchat  
During the minutes leading up  
To the event they've come here for

    They smile and they laugh  
    Exchanging pleasantries like always  
    As if all is well  
    Though they're not fooling anyone  
    Even the most casual observer  
    Could tell you that something's gone awry  
    In this land of make-believe  
    Full of pretenders that would never dare  
        To state their honest feelings  
    No matter how bad the problems get  
    Or unbearable the situation becomes

All eyes are fixed on the grey haired man  
That has taken center stage  
He leads them first in song  
And demands their attention after  
As if he's got something important to say  
He forces a smile and he fakes a few tears  
When he cracks a bad joke  
Stilted laughter fills the room  
He goes on for what seems like hours  
Repeating himself and stumbling over his words  
Till at last he releases the congregation

He judges as if he's somehow of a higher breed  
He seeks to control as if everyone else  
Is but a mindless sheep that cannot think or reason  
Without his unwanted help  
His eyes examine every inch of a person  
Seeking out the smallest flaw  
He scrutinizes every word  
He criticizes without saying a thing  
And those who fail to live up to his standards  
Are disciplined as cocky children

“Who can criticize a man  
Granted authority by the divine itself?  
He is doing as he is meant to!  
To question is to rebel!  
Conform or face the wrath  
Of the One that is higher than him!”

The silent ones have much to say  
 Make no mistake  
 Yet they are silent not because they must be  
 They have no qualms about venting amongst themselves  
 They would gladly stand behind the first to speak  
 Yet none of them say anything when it is of consequence  
 Merely because they fear the repercussions  
 They turn a blind eye to the state of their world  
 As it slowly crumbles around them  
 Giving way to the void

“How long can this continue?”  
 “If I were a betting man  
 I’d put all my cash on the line  
 And say another three months, tops.  
 If it lasts longer it won’t be by much.”  
 “Indeed. A smart man would leave now.  
 There’s no point in staying on board  
 Of a sinking ship.”

I refuse to take part in this

I keep to myself and sit far in the back  
 Slipping away whenever I first get the chance  
 Yes, I take part in the facade  
 But only because I have an obligation to fulfill  
 When that is no longer a factor  
 I will leave and never glance behind  
 I feel suffocated here  
 I need to escape while I’ve still got time

Before I leave I will quietly fade  
Giving no hint of my true intentions  
By the time they know  
It will be far too late  
I will already be gone  
I won't leave the slightest trace

Will they notice?  
Will they care?  
Will they try to stop me?  
Will they do anything at all?  
Will they sit idly by and watch  
As another leaves the fold?

Part of me wants them to notice  
Part of me wants them to express concern  
Tell me, does the time I spent here mean anything?  
Alas, I'd rather not know  
It'll be easier if nobody pays attention  
I doubt they'd understand if I tried to explain  
This hurts enough as it is  
Without former friends  
Becoming adversaries

Goodbye, pretenders  
Rest uneasily, ole grey-hair  
I'm moving on  
I shan't return here ever again

## Meaning

Lying here upon the damp ground  
I stare up as the sky changes  
From blue to bluish-black  
And the distant specks of light  
Innumerable, endless, become visible  
As the world is bathed in pale moonlight

My mind wanders by itself  
To places I would rather not go  
But my defenses have been lowered  
I cannot resist these thoughts so easily  
And I ponder the existential conundrums  
That continue to plague all humanity

Who am I?  
Why am I here?  
What is my purpose in life?  
Is there any meaning at all?  
Are we lost?  
Perpetually running around in circles  
All the while trying to convince ourselves  
That it's not a futile effort  
That we are accomplishing something  
Even though it's not obvious  
What, exactly, that something is  
It can't all be for nothing...

God, are you there?  
Do you exist?  
Or are you a figment  
Of our collective imagination?  
Can you tell me the answer?  
Rather, would you?  
Or are you just as clueless as we are?  
A being more powerful  
With a much greater mind  
That's still unable to figure out  
The truth behind the meaning of life

Neither sages nor fools  
Have stumbled upon the ultimate solution  
Is such a search foolish?  
A fruitless endeavor bound forever to yield naught?

I am as a grain of sand  
If I were to die suddenly  
Life would go on as it always has  
As if I had never been here

It doesn't matter what I do  
I won't be remembered  
For more than a couple of generations  
Maybe a few ages  
If I'm lucky enough to secure a place  
In the history book's pages  
But great is a subjective term  
Whatever excellence is today  
It will be something else tomorrow  
My achievements then will be as nothing  
No matter how proud of them I may be

It does me no good to contemplate such things  
It just makes my already complicated life  
A little harder to lead  
If the answers are there to be found  
I'll find them soon enough  
But not until they've lost all relevance  
Assuming relevant is a word  
That could ever be applied to them  
We have a habit of making things  
More difficult for ourselves  
Than they ever have to be

For now I accept  
That in the greater scope  
I'm an ignoramus; I know absolutely nothing  
I'm quite content with that  
I suppose I have to be

## Destiny

Destiny, fate, circumstance...

Life will happen  
And take me along for the ride  
With or without my consent  
Do I have any say at all?  
Is choice an illusion?

Am I ruled by that  
Which has no corporeal form?  
Is my will free?  
Or is this a puppet show  
A drama playing out  
Exactly as its mastermind  
Has planned?

Spinning round and round  
Upon a globe  
Drifting through space  
At speeds unknown  
To the common man  
Unaware of the forces at work  
Within the universe

We can change our roles  
We can guide our destiny  
The only question  
Is how, exactly,  
Do we go about doing it

Spinning round and round  
Until the end of time..

## Purpose

I didn't come here to die  
 But as for the real reason  
     I am at a loss  
 Tell me, does everything we do  
     Have to have a purpose?  
 Isn't meaning just an illusion?  
     I'm getting ahead of myself  
     I'm saying things  
     I promised I never would  
     But something tells me  
 These words must be spoken  
     If only to add another note  
     Another dissonant sound  
     To this song of chaos  
     Called human existence

When all the man-made concepts  
     Have been stripped away  
     When every absolute  
     Has been rendered false  
 A mere thought in the human mind  
 An illusion given power only by agreement  
     What, then, shall remain?  
     When the inescapable silence  
     Has engulfed all and everyone  
 And we are forced to face the true nature  
     Of the universe and ourselves  
 And all that's left to do is nothing  
     What, then, shall follow?

“Have you ever wondered if it isn’t the lack of purpose that has caused us such distress, but rather the idea that we must have one? In our search for meaning we have become obsessed and we have cleverly convinced ourselves that we will not be happy until we’ve found what we’re looking for. Consider, for a moment, if that is the reason we rest so uneasily during the night? What if we were to abandon the notion of purpose and merely enjoy the moment for what it is? We think ourselves such high and mighty creatures, so complicated in our inner workings. The reality of it is that we are quite simple, and it is because we have denied ourselves simplicity that we continue this fruitless struggle for something greater. We know this, and yet it has only served to fuel the madness rather than put an end to it. We fear simplicity, we fear silence, we’re afraid of what the truth might be if we’re wrong.

Ultimately, our greatest fear is of that which we need the most.”

## Change

This is going to sound selfish  
And, admittedly, it is  
You know how I feel about this  
I don't want things to change  
Life's been hard for me as it is

Do you think you could wait?  
Why not put it off  
Until your decisions have no effect  
On the life that I lead?  
Is that so unreasonable?

I have finally found a place  
Where I am happy  
Where they accept me  
I never want to leave  
I don't want to say, "goodbye"

But... There is only so much time  
And things are changing  
No matter how I try  
There's nothing I can do to stop it  
Go ahead... Forget I said anything

I should have known better  
Than to grow roots  
To become attached  
It's all falling apart  
Whether I stay or go, it no longer matters

Do what you must do  
And live as happily as you can  
My desires should be of no concern  
They are unrealistic  
What I want cannot be

Everything is temporary  
Fleeting as the seasons  
The wind often changes direction  
So does life completely change in a moment  
It is best not to linger... It's time to move on

**Justice**

The fallen cry out for justice  
The mute desperately search  
For a means to communicate  
The few souls possessing enough courage  
To make known the thoughts  
Of those without voices  
Are slaughtered where they stand  
Before they can say more than a word  
The few who would have stood by them scatter  
They're kept in line by fear  
The corrupt are enabled  
To continue in their treachery  
Without the slightest bit of resistance  
They shed no tears in remorse

The pot is boiling  
Soon the day will come  
Fear can only influence for so long  
Before desperation overpowers  
Any desire for self preservation  
Either way, everything's at risk  
Even the most cowardly  
Will charge blindly forward  
When there is nothing left to lose

But is that justice?  
The malice within the hearts of the people  
Will transform them into what they hated  
    If only for a single moment  
    As the tyrants meet their end  
    Thus shall the cycle continue  
        Hatred breeds hatred  
        It can create nothing else  
        Whatever drives them  
        Is also what they create

Destruction brings about creation  
    But how many times  
    Can that which is broken  
        Be rebuilt?

**Fear**

He torments the weak  
And crushes the frail  
While laughing as the rest  
Cower in his shadow  
Few dare to face him  
None know of what  
Has become of the heroes  
That have confronted him  
With their swords drawn  
And their hearts strong  
They disappeared  
In one glorious flash of light  
And he remained  
Ever more heinous and terrible  
Ready to wreak havoc  
Upon those the heroes  
Left behind

He mocks them  
He plays with their minds  
Til they cower like children  
And plead for their lives  
He appears to be a ruthless beast  
But there is less to him  
Than the eye can see  
None on this side  
Know the key to the mystery  
Behind this shadow foe

“What will you do  
Now that your heroes are gone?  
How could you leave  
Your fate in the hands  
Of a few brave individuals?  
Why do you not fight for yourselves?  
This battle cannot be won alone!  
So why do you hide  
While the soldiers fight?”

“Look at him!  
There’s nothing us ordinary folk can do.”

“What separates you  
From the heroes  
Other than your state of mind?”

### **The End of the World**

And so it's come to this...  
I'm not the least bit surprised  
As I sit here, gazing upward,  
Casually sipping red wine  
As the world around catches fire  
And the sky erupts with dazzling colors

Screams drown out all other sound  
As both the guilty and the innocent  
Watch their lives come crumbling down  
As flames fall from the heavens  
Consuming all in purifying heat  
A spectacle wondrous yet terrifying

Aware but unalarmed  
I toss my glass and watch it break  
Upon the hard-as-concrete ground  
I laugh, most think I'm mad  
And I dance as if this is the best of times  
For a person to be alive

A few others join  
Many with tears in their eyes  
None know the full scope  
Of what we've lost this night  
Yet we shall live until we die  
Tis' the best way to exit life

Who shall live when all is extinguished  
And all that remains is rubble and ashes?  
What will come of the brave world to follow?  
Will we move on or drown in sorrow?  
Regardless, we shall dance  
Until the morrow...

“Let us mourn over the fallen  
But not for long; we’ve no time!  
I understand, and this sounds harsh,  
But we’ve got to keep moving  
Lest we fail to live  
And cause the beloved dead to suffer longer.”

**Father**

You smile and then you scowl  
You laugh and then you yell  
You love and then you hate  
You encourage  
Then guile spills from your mouth  
So what are you, really?  
Of Jekyll and Hyde  
Which one best reflects  
The person that lies inside?

You're not angry with me  
I can see it in your eyes  
You fight so hard to protect  
That which you don't need to defend  
And though you're surrounded  
By thick stone walls  
A few know of what you keep hidden  
Ironically, there's a transparent nature  
To your clever disguise  
What you'd never admit  
Is clear to anyone that's observant  
Even those without two eyes

You wrestle with self hatred  
Every moment you're alive  
Your real self decaying further  
Every time you tell another lie  
It's a vicious cycle  
Winding forever downward  
And in your desperate attempts  
To redeem yourself  
And put a stop to it  
You drag me down, along with another  
And together we've stumbled  
Yet we shan't suffer your fate

At that, I would hope you're relieved

You say so many wonderful things  
Honestly, I find them hard to believe  
Words are cheap; they don't cost anything  
And your actions tell  
An entirely different story

To be truthful, I want nothing more  
Than for the reality of this situation  
To match the flowery words  
You use so liberally  
Alas, it is but a fool's hope  
That all might change for the better  
Regardless, you have my pity father  
But now I pray only for my salvation  
You are too far gone, and too stubborn  
To be saved from the death trap  
Of your own creation

Goodbye, father I never knew  
Buried alive before my birth  
I wished only to catch a glimpse of you  
But it was not meant to be  
And it's too late to stop your suffering  
May you find rest somewhere far away  
A place both existent and non,  
On the other side where paradox meets truth  
And reality is far stranger  
Than any human could possibly perceive

Yet even that cannot match  
The absurdity of how you lived and died  
Nothing is stranger  
Than a human being that lives  
But chooses not to be alive

### **The Face-Less One**

Let this day go down in unwritten history  
As the day I claim my independence  
From the shackles and chains  
I've worn for so long  
That have kept me bound to this stone wall  
Where, until now, I have been but  
A helpless victim of circumstance  
Watching his life pass him by  
As age slowly drained from him  
Whatever it is he had and desired to give

I am not who I was before  
No, that man is dead  
His corpse was buried alive  
Somewhere in the back of my mind  
I set the mask he wore aflame  
And watched as it burned away  
I threw the ashes into the wind  
Then I closed my eyes  
There was nothing...  
No thought, no noise  
No world outside, no world within

So what am I now without my former identity?

What will they think, what will they say?

The mask served to cover

The inky blackness I wished to hide

In fear of pain, in fear of scorn

I wish not to be mocked

For feeling human emotion

Or for being what I am

Whatever that is

I am Face-Less

A being searching for light

And redemption

Though redemption from what

He cannot tell

He's tired of being lied to

He's tired of conforming

His only true desire

Is to become real

Rather than continue to wear a mask

Like everyone else is doing

They think that hiding their true selves

Is the only way they can survive

Why are they so miserable?

Why must they conceal what makes them different?

Since when has uniqueness been a crime?

Is it wrong to feel and express those feelings?

Is it really so dangerous to think outside the box?

They drag themselves out of bed in the morning  
For a purpose even they don't know  
They repeat the daily drudgery  
Til' at last they die  
And then what?  
Is that the best life has to offer?  
Is that what we're meant to be?

I don't care if I'm right  
It doesn't matter  
It never did  
We're all wrong at least some of the time  
Really, isn't it better to be wrong  
And to live than it is to be right  
And slowly wither?

Let it be known that I am the Face-Less one!  
I will forge my own path through life  
State your opinions, scoff if you like  
Criticize every single choice I make  
It's your right to believe what you choose  
Just as it's my right to follow this path  
So help me or watch from a distance  
If you've got nothing better to do  
Then perhaps you should build a life of your own  
Instead of shooting down those  
Attempting to do the so-called impossible

## Rain

Rose petals drift upon the breeze  
 This quiet, cold September morning  
 Dark clouds loom in the western sky  
 The sound of thunder breaks the silence  
 And for some time after there is calm

Til at last the first raindrop falls  
 Upon my hood as I sit  
 With my back against a boulder  
 At the side of the northern road

It's been a long journey  
 I'm weary; I wish to go home  
 Alas, it is so far behind  
 If that place can be called my own  
 Freedom is what my heart desired  
 And free it is to do as it pleases  
 But for what reason has it sought this?  
 Thus far it has done nothing  
 It fails at its attempts to soar  
 Though its wings are not broken

At what cost will it come?  
 All I've fought so hard for  
 That I have finally won  
 I know the road I travel  
 But I haven't a clue where I'm going  
 Tell me God, what is my destiny?  
 What is my potential as a human being?  
 Through what means can I achieve it?  
 What does fate have in store for me?

The sound of the rain  
Washes all these heavy thoughts away  
For but a single moment  
My mind is as a blank slate  
A rare occurrence, this mental silence  
A state of total thought-less being  
What joyous ecstasy...  
I over-think everything

Suddenly a rainbow appears across the sky  
Maybe things aren't as bad or as complicated  
As I made them out to be...

**Time**

Tick, tock, time marches on  
With cold indifference towards  
    The struggles of humans  
Some try desperately to ignore  
    The grim realities of age  
    Others try just as hard  
    To live as if they've got  
        Just one more day  
And some are just as indifferent  
    As the hands on the clock

    A boy becomes a man  
    In but the blink of an eye  
Shortly thereafter he's in his grave  
And for his children the same awaits  
So shall it be til time comes to a stop  
    Or life transcends mortal bonds  
    And we are not thus limited  
        By outside circumstances

Is death an enemy to be fought?  
Or an entity that simply performs  
    A job that must be done?  
    It is a natural part of life  
But are we to accept it or fight?  
Should we march in rhythm with time  
Or attempt to overcome it to save our own lives?

The clock keeps ticking the seconds away  
And the hours... And the days...  
And it will always do the same  
As it has since the first age  
Until the illusion has served its purpose  
And the cycle has accomplished its goal

Whatever that may be...

**Self**

Barriers, walls  
Seemingly indestructible  
A self-made cage  
I'm unaware I built  
Trapped and bound  
Only by my own thoughts  
Resisting what I want  
And need the most  
With it comes change  
Irrevocable, unstoppable  
My self will be gone  
Never to be replaced  
What will I be then?

It's already too late to turn back..

Where is it I will find  
All that I desire?  
What will make me happy?  
Is there anything  
That can give my life meaning?  
I have toiled  
For ten thousands years  
And I've nothing to show  
I'm just a broken man  
Torn between change and survival

I don't understand  
Am I supposed to?  
Whatever's happening  
I don't like it  
Yet... I've never felt so free

### **Broken Wings**

What happened to that fire in your eyes?  
That contagious, all-encompassing zest for life?  
There was a time when you could brighten a room  
    Just by stepping through the door  
    When you smiled the dark clouds ran  
    And even the depressed laughed and sang  
    As if, for once, all was right in the world  
    And in those moments everyone danced  
    Because you were yourself  
    And by being what nobody else  
    Had the courage to be  
    You made things a little better  
    For whomever had the privilege  
    Of coming into contact with you

I've never seen you with your head hung  
Nor have you ever shed a tear in sorrow  
    Come hell or high water  
    You were as a rock  
Stable, level-headed, you always had a plan  
    And if you didn't you waited it out  
    What has happened to you  
    In the time we've been apart?  
    You're waist deep in mud and sinking  
You, the one who first said to me, "never say die"  
    And if I'm not mistaken I heard you sobbing  
    The last time I turned my head  
    When I looked at you  
    You hid your face...But I could see the tears  
    As they rolled down your chin

It is not a sign of weakness to struggle  
Like it or not, you are a human  
And as a human there will be times  
When you just can't hold it together  
No matter how hard you fight  
It would do you good  
Not to keep it all bottled up inside  
And talk to somebody about it!  
You of all people should know  
That no matter what you're facing  
You needn't face it alone

Enter the dark night of the soul  
And emerge better than you were before  
I don't know how far you've fallen  
But once your wings have healed  
You'll reach heights you've never imagined  
Even in your dreams... Immeasurably high  
Is the height to which you will soar

## Hell

You've been down a hard road  
 And the worst is yet to come  
 "Will this ever end?"  
 Honestly, I don't know  
 This is your life  
 Reality is what you make of it  
 It can end at any time  
 You need only choose your destiny

You asked me long ago  
 Whether or not I would save you  
 You pleaded with me  
 As you cried  
 And I held you  
 I replied, "of course I will"  
 But I don't think I can  
 I've given you all I've got  
 Sadly, that isn't enough

What you ask none can do  
 Though I will not throw you to the wolves  
 I will stay here at your side  
 And when you're too weak to go on  
 I will act as your crutch  
 But try as I might  
 I cannot fix you  
 I cannot un-break what has been broken  
 I cannot go where the shadows dwell  
 It is in your thoughts they torment you  
 And you alone can enter that realm

Do not fear the fires of hell  
It hurts, but you won't be consumed  
    It's really not so bad  
    As long as you keep  
    Your wits about you

Take responsibility  
And do what you must do  
Trust me, you'll be better for it  
    Though it isn't easy  
    It is worthwhile  
    And should you fail  
    You can die with a smile  
Knowing that even though you fell  
    You gave it everything  
    And lived with heart

You see, dying is easy  
It's living that's hard

## My Love

Roaring thunder breaks the silence  
This ordinary, Autumn evening  
She falls from the clouds  
An unconscious celestial being  
Of unrivaled beauty  
Tears stream down her face  
“What did I do wrong?”  
She mutters as she dreams

The people down below watch  
When she lands none rush to pick her up  
They just go on, as they always do  
About their own business  
Without concern for anything else

She is bruised but barely bleeding  
Wounded not from the fall  
But the events preceding  
Her eyes are open  
But she's unaware  
Of where she is or why she's lying there  
She speaks a word to not one passerby  
And they are content to ignore her  
As she sobs, as she cries

What happened to you  
Maiden most fair?

Your robes are tattered and stained  
You've got a bump on your head  
And your ankles are sprained  
And your wings are broken  
And the light in your eyes is fading  
Will you say nothing?  
For what are you waiting?

She limps into the dark alleyway  
Clothed in brown rags  
She offers the apple she found  
To a starving child  
Covered in black soot  
Ignoring the fact the she, too, is starving  
She goes on til she can't keep walking

My love, such a tragic beauty  
My love, lean against me  
Let me carry you for a while  
Let me heal your wounds  
You've given enough  
Now let me give something to you

My love, where have you gone?  
My love, you have vanished...  
Not a lock of hair, nor a piece of cloth  
Nor the scent of your perfume  
Just the sound of your voice  
Echoing in my thoughts...

### **A Good Day**

I awoke this morning  
Feeling slightly ill  
And it was cold  
And the sky was clouded over  
And the wind denied me quiet  
As I laid in bed  
Wishing I could sleep  
For five minutes longer  
Alas, there was too much to do  
And no time left for slumber...

I did what I had to do  
As best as I possibly could  
Which, it just so happens,  
Was not very well  
But I could not go home  
For another three hours  
Maybe more  
Seeing as how someone  
Would have to stay late  
In order to correct  
Some rather stupid mistakes  
That would never had been made  
Had my wits been about me

All I wanted was to take a hot shower  
But when I came home  
I found only cold water came out  
And I, cold as I already was,  
Felt nearly frozen  
By the touch of just a few  
Water droplets

While I cannot go a day  
Without embarking upon  
Some sort of creative pursuit  
It seems my muse is on vacation  
And the blank page I began with  
Is still white as the snow outside  
Untouched by ink or lead  
Part of me wants to sit here  
Until I come up with something  
And part of me  
Just wants to go to bed

I leaned back in my chair  
And chuckled under my breath  
“What a day it’s been”  
Was the only thought  
That came into my head

I stood up and stretched  
And dressed myself in warm clothes  
Then stepped outside for a moment  
    To gaze at the stars  
    I took a deep breath  
The cold air invigorated me  
    “All things considered  
It really wasn’t that bad of a day.”

It was at that moment  
The lights inside went out  
    My mind fell silent  
A second later I laughed so hard  
    I nearly fell down

I wrapped myself in thick, warm blankets  
    And drifted away  
As images of far off places  
    Calm my tired mind

## This Moment

The song of the birds  
 Floats on the cool spring breeze  
 Calming me as I lie on the grass  
     And enjoy the day  
     As it passes me by  
     All too quickly, I must say

It's times like this  
 That serve to remind  
 The simple things really are  
 What makes life worth living  
     It doesn't take a lot  
     To be fulfilled

Why do days like these  
 Ever have to end?  
 Why must children grow up?  
 Why must adults work themselves to the bone?  
     Why are we so many  
     Yet we're so afraid of being alone?

Now is not the time to think  
 My mind, for once, agrees  
 And for a blissful moment  
     There is quiet  
     Just the birds, the breeze  
     And the sound of leaves rustling

Though time may travel ever onward  
 I will never leave this moment...

### **Begin Anew**

Living life as a waking dream  
Day by day, wondering  
If all is as it really seems  
Endlessly, maybe pointlessly  
As the cyclical routine repeats  
Over and over and over  
My mind wandering all the while  
Considering possibilities  
That may never be  
But are interesting nonetheless  
Proving life to be still more complex  
And yet, so very simplistic  
Amazing in so many ways...  
It helps to keep things interesting

I prefer mystery to the known  
I revel in the search rather than the arrival  
In fact, there are days when I hope  
I never reach that far off destination  
I'm slowly moving towards  
While it may be wonderful  
The journey is a one time experience  
And I want to soak it in  
While I have the chance  
Lest I miss something  
And later wish I could go back  
Once the final bridge has burned down

The end of one chapter begins another  
So shall I begin anew each morning  
When the sun sets, or each night  
Beneath the velvet sky...

## **A Note From the Author**

(Or some guy claiming to be him)

Finally, this thing is done. Or at least as done as it's ever going to be. For now. Maybe.

Assuming any work of literature can ever be considered complete. It seems there's always something more to add, a concept or two that wasn't thoroughly explored, a few little tweaks here and there that could be made to improve the overall quality of the work.

And yet, when one obsesses over everything else that could be done, it either remains unfinished for a lifetime or it loses its heart and soul in the editing process. The thoughts as they first appear on the page are the essence of what the author wants to write, and it is in that raw form that the feeling and the passion behind it is most evident, at least to the one writing it. Refine it just a little and you have something that's universally understood; refine it a little bit more and you might have something great on your hands. But take care not to eliminate every flaw and mistake, otherwise it loses its human touch and thus begins to sound more mechanical with each iteration.

In other words, I'm too lazy to go back and do more editing right now, so you'll just have to live with it as it is.

However, there will be revisions released over the course of the next ten years, and each incarnation will be a little bulkier and more shoddily written than the last. The final iteration will number two-thousand pages in length, (mostly comprised of blank space and gibberish) it will weigh far more than a book made of paper should, and it will come with a hot pink tire iron and a special edition cologne. (Which drives either sex mad, but not in a good

way.)

If there's a point to all of this, I suppose now is as good of a time as any to get to it. The problem is that I'm not exactly sure that there is a point... I seem to be keeping myself in the dark on this one. And I'm better off not asking what I'm thinking, seeing as how it only serves to irritate me. If I don't want me to know what I'm thinking, it's best just to let it lie and do something else.

When I started writing this, I didn't have a specific purpose in mind. In fact, I didn't have a project planned out. These are concepts I have toyed with since as far back as I can remember, and these poems are the summary of my thoughts as they ran through my mind.

In some cases the sentiment is deeply personal, and in others it's something far more generic and general... Relatable is probably the word I'm looking for. Of course, these deeply personal sentiments are meant to be shared, even if I'm the only one that truly understands the meaning of the words on those pages.

Each of us ascribes a certain meaning to whatever we read (or otherwise absorb through our senses) based upon our personal experience and thoughts and so on. Far be it from me to say that those interpretations are any less accurate than my own, because my work stands apart from me now. In a way it is a separate creature with its own soul, and I have merely viewed it through my eyes and attributed something to it as any other reader would. To say that something has one and only one proper meaning and purpose is, in most cases, inaccurate.

The act of writing these poems was essentially how I burned the bridges I had crossed. I have studied the past, I

have learned all I can from it, and I know I never want to go back to where I was. The road that lay ahead is unfamiliar and to tread upon it is a frightening thing, yet it's exhilarating all the same. There are infinite possibilities, far beyond what the human mind could ever possibly imagine. There is always a chance that my worst fears could be realized, but it's worth the risk considering the alternative is a life lived forever asking, "what could have been?"

While I still have your attention, is there one thing I want to say? One thought I wish to share? A little tidbit of information that could do you some good? Something that, whether it alters your life in its entirety or encourages a mere five second thought process, will make an impact?

If I have something to say like that, it is this: never underestimate your own significance. See, I have shared these poems and personal thoughts because I think they may be of benefit to some. I don't think myself to be that good of a writer, though I'm not horrible by any means. I'm just getting started and this is an amateurish effort at best. Yet it is worth sharing, because it is what I have to give, and what I have to give may be of greater value than I could ever estimate.

This is true of us all. Each of us has something to give, and no matter how small or minor it may seem it is of the highest significance. Each of us is unique in that only we are capable of doing a certain thing in a specific way, and in sharing that with others we change the world. We might all be individuals but we function as one body, therefore one person is paradoxically independent and a part of the whole, so to impact one in a positive way is to impact the lives of many.

I don't know what the result of my efforts will be.

Frankly, it's none of my business. It doesn't matter if I know, it doesn't matter if I get the credit. I don't determine the worth of my words, the reader does. And nobody can determine the value of another so it would be foolish for me to allow opinions, whether they be praise or criticism, to influence me.

If we would give, and we would do so without reservation, this world would be a much better place than it is. The world is not horrible because that is its natural disposition. No, things have gone awry as a result of our influence. We have always been the masters of our own destiny, and I think we fear that. We don't want to be responsible for guiding our own lives. What if something goes wrong? What if, in the end, we are the only ones we can blame?

Whether we push the blame onto something or someone else, we are still responsible. Lying to ourselves might make us feel better, but it doesn't do any good in the long run.

It is through honesty that we can attain unity, and through unity we can begin to fix things and take steps in the right direction. It's both exciting and frightful, yet there is no need to be afraid. We need only step forward to begin anew and reconstruct this world however we desire.

It begins on an individual level, and it spreads outward from there. If the world is to change, we must become the embodiment of that change. Until we do, things will merely continue on as they have been, and we all seem to be in agreement that that hasn't been working out very well.

Whether this world becomes heaven or hell, we will deserve it. Maybe I'm naive, but I think we'll make things right someday. At the very least it does me good to think that.

I have only said what's already been said a thousand times. I hope that this reaches only those that I can reach, and that it'll spread out from there.

If it doesn't... At least this thing will make a good paperweight and/or doorstop. It's my first completed project, and it's worth putting out there if only for that reason.

Regardless of the outcome, this is only the beginning.

You may contact me at the following e-mail addresses.

Please send any questions, comments or constructive criticism to: [the\\_faceless\\_man204@yahoo.com](mailto:the_faceless_man204@yahoo.com)

Please send all hate mail and death threats to:  
[thisemailaddressdoesntexist11010@yahoo.com](mailto:thisemailaddressdoesntexist11010@yahoo.com)

Yes, that is an actual e-mail address. I don't guarantee that you'll get a reply if you send something to it, and if you do it will probably be because I'm bored and I find it entertaining to mock you. If you send that kind of thing over the internet you probably deserve it.

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